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With traitorous guile your foes convene,
To make your fertile fields their own.
And must your generous bosoms bleed,
Which scorn'd a treacherous art to know?
And was this fate for you decreed?
O turn—to Carmien, do not go?"
" Off have we listen'd to thy lore,
And oft shall seek thy counsel sage,
But now forbear to urge us more,
Thou man of wisdom and of age.
Let not thy pure, benignant soul
The pain of dire Suspicion know;
Permit not her aspersion's foul
To stain " the brave, repenting foe." }
" Soon shalt thou see these shadows fly
Before fair Caudour's beaming ray!"
But Patrick veil'd his streaming eye,
And turn'd in silent grief away.
And now advanc'd the impatient steeds,
And bore their gallant lords along;
The fearless breast no danger heads,
The guiltless heart forebodes no wrong.
And Barrow roll'd his silver tide,
Bright sparkling in the solar ray,
No sanguine stain his waters dyed,
No clouds obscur'd the golden day.
The Rath on Carmen rises fair,
" But why in arms the friendly band?"
Why rang'd in martial order there!
Why does the weapon fill each hand?
These hands, these eyes with scowling ken
Their purpose dire too well explain!
O Patrick of the woody glen,
Why was thy warning heard in vain?
The embroider'd mantle, roll'd in blood,
Flows graceful o'er the limbs no more,
Nor e'er shall cross his silver flood,
The pride of Barrow's smiling shore.
The pit is fram'd with ruffian speed,
The pit is dreary, dark and deep,
Fram'd to receive each gallant head
In cold oblivion there to sleep.
The mothers, wives and sisters fair,
Who anxious watch'd the setting day,
The dainty banquet now prepare,
And now accuse the long delay.
Ye beauteous ladies, leave your homes,
Some safer shelter haste to find,
For lo! the cruel spoiler comes,
And Rapine has to Murder join'd.
They seize upon these wide domains,
The flocks, the herds their prey is made,
Grim terror rules the subject plains,
And with reluctance is, obey'd.
The stain of honour, manhood's shame,
For Carmen's Rath was this decreed!

† Anna Seward.

While Mullinast, ill-fated name,
Records the base, the bloody deed!
The Mountains, which aspiring fair,
Smiled on the dewy vales below,
The title now of mourning bear,
As conscious of the voice of wo.
But vengeance comes—if slow, yet sure,
Her step pursues the band unblest,
And conscience bids these pangs endure,
Which rob the blood-stain'd soul of rest.
Their sons to manhood ne'er shall rise,
Their youth's soft blossoms shall decay,
And these fair fields of guilt they prize,
To other hands shall pass away.

BRIDGET.

ANALYSIS OF 1809.

Continued from our last.

ONCE more, sweet Imps, I come to make my bow,
With meet complacency, inquiring how
You all have been since last I took my leave;
And that you now will kindly condescend
Truly and faithfully (as to a friend)
Each particle of news to impart, I humbly crave
Tell how the half-starv'd *Irish peasant* writhes
Under the lash of *proctor-gather'd* tythes;
How, ministerial apathy denies
Redress, though sought for by a nation's crys!
Tell, how the *carlton-bertering, borough lord*!
To drive the Union,—*pledg'd*—then broke—his word;
Yet, out of ev'ry strap comes off so nice—
" Sir, *vice*, when omniprev'lent—is not *vice*!
" Plundering the State, to gain a little pelf,
" Can be no crime—there's *Melville* and *myself*—
" Myriads beside—as all the people know;
" Then, who, unto my *blanket* dares say *bo*?
" Get into office straight, and cheat your fill,
" And when you're blam'd—*quote me* and *Beauchamp*
" *Hill!*"
" Stop, stop!" (the Imps I know will now exclaim)
" Is *Captiv'g* still to be your theme?
" Some *virtus* surely you'll allow the lad."
Assertion and denial (don't be pert)
Join'd with a cold, malignant, callous heart,
Are all the *virtus* that he ever had!
" Lord, sir, you really have a curious taste;
" Sure you'll allow that he is *marv'lous chaste*!
" That *Coming*—*Percival* * * * and *he*
" Are famous for supposing *Poetry*!
" Which, in their presence, dare not even sigh;
" While *Orthodoxy*—*Rev'nus*—*Church and State*,
" Are wisely guarded from the danger great,
" That they in *Toleration* can spy.
Allons mes enfants—answer me again—
Three victories by *Sir Arthur*—gain'd in *Spain*!
The *original*—where did his lordship get?
" The *original*, sweet sir, what need of that?

“ Such things are made at home,” we answer flat—
The original—he did not get it yet !

Well, let us all such foreign subjects change ;
Come now, and soar above your usual range ;
To Bishop’s-gate* we’ll march, if you think fit ;
Where many a bloated—loan-contracting sinner
Sits down to gorge himself, at annual dinner
Given in honour of his *idol*—Pitt !

See Canning—when the sparkling glasses ring
With health of *Ferd’nand*, “ Spain’s most lawful
king.”†
How graciously he’ll rise, and make a speech !
On British generosity descant—
About—“ a universal people”—rant,
And on official secrets wisely preach !!

* Austria (with our assistance (next he’ll tell ‘em))
“ Must take the field—no matter what befell ‘em.
And then convince them all beyond denial
That—“ though she could not hope to win, ‘twas
“ right to make the trial.”

The trial she has made, to her own cost,
And like Sir Cranstoun’s *elfin dwarf*, may say
As Walter Scott hath written—in the *Lay*
Of the last Minstrel—“ Lost—lost—lost !”

Well, gentle Imps, your modesty is great,
“ We are not prophets, sir,”—you erst did state,
Then how the vengeance did you come to know
The event of such things so long ago ?

“ Lord, sir, ‘bout Europe many a grievous task
“ You’ve given us, pray why do you not ask
“ About America and its embargo ?

“ There’s many a pretty ambo-dexter story,
“ Which we could mighty feately lay before you,
“ Respecting naval stores—and neutral cargoes.

Edenteculio, 7th June, 1809. CALDERONE.

To be continued.

INSENSIBILITY.

ON BEING RALLIED FOR NOT GRIEVING AT
THE DEPARTURE OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

My tenderest feelings ! ah, where are they fled ?
Those sweetest sensations, say, are they all dead,
Say, am I no more for a dear friend departed,
To weep, and to sigh, and to feel broken-hearted.
There once was a time I could sigh and could weep,
And thought that my grief was both cruel and deep,
The scenes all around me produced nought but pain,
* Till my friend should return to these scenes back
again.

When the trees were all dripping with fine April
showers,
And the sun shone upon them, and spangled the
flowers,
I thought that my friend with new force could in-
spire

* To the London Tavern, we presume.
† Either the minister or the poet must be quizzing ;
is not Charles the Fourth living ?

My fancy to see all these charms, and admire.
Or when in full concert the birds sweetly sang,
Their songs were divine, yet they caused me a pang
Or in that fine season when active and gay,
Youth reap the ripe corn, or toss the new hay ;
I thought If my friend a fair witness had been
*Twould add a new charm to the plentiful scene ;
Or yet in those days when encircling the fire
Our wits, and the wits of our friends should conspir
The dull face of winter to cheer and adorn,
And forget that all nature is sad and forlorn ;
Then sad and forlorn in the circle I sat,
Because my fair friend was not near me to chat ;
My hours were fill’d up with some joy or some sorrow
Still hoping or fearing the events of to-morrow ;
But in kindness to age which has oft real troubles
Those fanciful evils appear but light bubbles,
To prepare me for evil my passions are going ;
No more are my joys or my sorrows o’erflowing,
If I wish for a friend I can patiently wait,
Till she chooses to come, whether early or late,
And when she departs I can scarce heave a sigh,
I kiss, and shake hands, and my eyes remain dry.
At first when I found that my feelings were gone,
The rapture they caused I could not but bemoan ;
But now I’m resign’d to esteem as light bubbles
Both rapturous joys and fanciful troubles.
May the milder affections still reign in my breast,
Enjoying the present, and hoping the best ;
Then if real affliction should visit my mind,
In calm resignation sweet peace may I find,
But oh ! may I feel for the griefs of a friend,
Or my late acquire’d coldness soon come to an end !

FLORA.

WRITTEN ON A LITTLE SUMMER-HOUSE, CALLED THE SOLITAIRE.

AND didst thou not know ‘twas my
favourite retreat,
When retiring from bustle and care,
In the stillness of Silence to take here
my seat,
'Midst the quiet of this Solitaire ?
But 'tis lock'd, and an entrance I can-
not obtain,
And the thought that now thrills on
my ear
May be lost in the mazes of business
and gain,
Unimproved in this chaste Solitaire.
I remember the day I first enter’d this
room,
The lawn was new-shorn, soft and
fair,
And the treasures of summer diffus’d
a rich bloom,
Shedding fragrance *dans tout* Solitaire.
Then I thought of the days, when to
gladness and joy,
My heart alone panted sincere.